Mr. Richard Gallen
128 E. 56 St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701

Dear Dick,

Among the enclosures will be the letter from Dr. Hufnagle that made me think of you yesterday and led me to refer to ESP this morning. Dr. Segal perceived or anticipated something along the line of this diagnosis, which I was told was not complete. If it presents no problem to Dr. Segal if there is anything my local doctor should know from his 1/76 examination of me, anything that can for example show changes, I'd appreciate his sending it to Dr. Timothy Hickey, Parkview Medical Center, Trail Avenue, Frederick, Md. 21701.

Since before the first of last month my life has oriented around walking. This means concentration on work for any long period has been impossible because the medical directive was not to overdo it but to keep at the walking to gradually rebuild my capabilities. Drought helped. I'll improvise a substitute for bad weather.

Regardless of weather my life also orients around the morning's mail, right now a little late. If I do not take care of it immediately it becomes another accumulation. That of the unfiled of two years is too much accumulation so the mail that requires attention gets it immediately. One time-consuming part is FOIA and Privacy. I'm trying to get all the governmentrecords on me. What the spooks did is incredible, even with my experiences. From what I have, which is far from all. What may amuse you while it should terrify you is that Hoover fabrication: I celebrated the Russian revolution every year with 25-35 guests while I farmed. Actuality: at the end of the high holy days a rabbi friend with the Jewish Welfare Board brought Washington-area service personnel and families to a real farm where they saw chicks and ducks being hatched, eggs being laid and all the other delights denied city people. I have copies of some of his letters sending this viciousness around, including to LBJ and all the Attorneys General beginning in 1966. Sample only, there is more. Orwellian, too, like how those at the top but under him made him right when he was wrong. They failed to show a single error in my work but had to make it appear there was. Ludicrous, demeaning and frightening. The CIA is stonewalling more, which is why I wanted copies of the various papers filed in Barney Rosset's suits for his records.

I did start to do a King book along the line that interested you. Then it appeared to be the right way. Now it is not. I've laid a book-length draft aside and outlined a new approach that after the opening will be entirely FBI secrets superimposed on my own earlier work, which it entirely supports. I had "solved" the King assassination, save for names. The FBI's secrets prove the crime was pulled off exactly as I'd figured out and was prepared to prove in court if we had succeeded in the evidentiary hearing. As of now I have about 25,000 pages of these formerly secret records. I'me getting more, many more. The book thus will have to be a definitive work on the FBI as well as on the assassination.

The opening sentence of the foreword will probably be "Congress passed a law to make it possible for me to write this book." Maybe with "Even then I had to sue the FBI for two years to obtain the suppressed secrets here presented for the first time."

After my experiences with Zebra and the earlier ones of which you know I'm not taking any time to seek commercial publication. I'll just do it myself and then go on to other work.

I have forgotten what Rosa Guy wrote about our good friend Lida. When she gave it up she reverted everything to me. The actual idea and the interviews were mine, five hours on tape. Rosa mislaid two of the cassettes. I have the other three. I then invited Rosa and Walter Glanze, with whom she was then living, down here and introduced Rosa to Lida and Harry. Walter is woth Bantam. He edited the new Scriber's-Bantam Dictionary.

Lida's motive in wanting her story told is to find her stolen black son, not the norm of white women. When she found out about my present limitations she has been coming regularly

to do for me what I cannot do for myself. She is a powerful woman of the work ethic. I hope she hasn't damaged my riding mower with her vigor. She also spends hours using a walking hand mower.

When Rosa and Walter separated, not to be unfriendly with each other, Rosa told me that Geis had offered her an advance of $20,000 on this but Walter, acting as her agent, turned it down as an inadequate manifestation of what Geis would do with the work.

The Defenestration of Henry Cott was written on a tape recorder on the bus to Washington and walking from the bus station to federal court early the morning of an FOIA hearing. It probably shows the haste, my purpose being to give a Hollywood friend with is in the production end an idea if he could get to speak to the right person. He told me that while David Rintels expressed an interest he had already lined up a then undescribed show on Watergate I now realize is the recent ABC TV special series. I do have suce a source and he was involved in this CIA work in the early 1950s. We spend hours on the phone but we have never met. I send him copies of all the records I obtain. I have not had time to read the last 2,000 pages. He has. There can be an added $2,000 worth of them when I can pay for them. My first lead on this Nazism with mind-bending came from a Warren Commission record. They expressed an interest in Manchurian Candidate possibilities. From my experience with the semantics of the spookeries I knew the CIA was saying we are five years ahead of the USSR in this work, which meant they were into that work. That was as of early 1964. Remember that work was centered here, within walking distance of our home. I knew Olson's oldest son when he was in high school. Mrs. Olson lives 10 minutes away. I have neighbors who ..... And the records that became available a year after I did this draft confirm even the psychoacoustical stimulae belief.

I think that some years ago I made a list of matters I believed had literary value. One of the early ones, when I was liquidating the farm, was the story of the real man after whom Casius Clay/Mohammed Ali was named. He was a Kentuckian, a rare man in an era of great ones, an abolitionist editor in slave turf and a strong Lincoln supporter. How many men he killed in defending his own life is probably mythology by now. To save him Lincoln moved him from Paris, Ky to Moscow, as ambassador. There are stories I came accross years ago in Kentucky (over my Harlan work for the Senate and Department of Justice) of a member of the Tsar's family and her son traipsing around in Ky looking for a father.

Traipsing reminds me. Back in the 30s I was interested in folks stuff, too. With all the interest in bluegrass music today I think there is a story of the original Singing Lady. She was the cort reporter for a circuit-riding judge. As she travelled around she collected those songs and held an annual congest of singers and their old and new songs at her Ashland. Ky home. As I recall it her names it is Thomas. She travelled in the judge's wagon, horse-drawn and with much time for noting and thinking.

Singing reminds me of Elvis Pressley, for whom I had no use. But I have a friend in Memphis who spent a year investigating him and then wrote a book he was trying without success to place when Pressley died. Odd with the wild Presley interest after death. I have no idea what the book is. Friend is a reporter.

In this free-association indication of why I think if we could just sit and talk and have my recollection jogged it might be productive Memphis reminds me of what I've started in different form and would recommend as a novel, the true story of Percy Foreman. Not as a great lawyer, which he is not. Showman and shrink he is. He puts people away for the mob, takes criminal cases for their publicity value and makes his real millions from the divorce cases of women separating from rich men. That Foreman did put Ray away is what turned me this way. I have other cases, including a remarkable parallel to Ray's past and the Mafia. I have rare narration from John and Jerry Ray on their personal experiences with and observations of Foreman. I interviewed John on tape in Leavenworth Pen, Jerry in a fleabag hotel the next morning in St. Louis after he'd spent the night whoring and flooded the bathroom that connected his room and mine. Also on tape.

You may not remember but Foreman fled WNEW-TV's studio in March 1971 while he was being made up after learning that he would be confronting me. I have the tape of that show and its empty chair for Foreman. For years he went into rages he could not control when he thought of my name. Jim Lesar can give you one account. He got away with not testifying at the Ray evidentiary hearing because the judge was partisan. My one precondition of the WNEW show was that Foreman have the book in advance. He had read it. He discussed it later withPaul Valentine of the Washinbton Post.

While I was in the Pressley part I had a class from Les Whitten. If you read the column they have had several items lately on one Manfred Baron. I had information on this character their investigation did not turn up. I had written him. Odd how I came into that knowledge, so I'll digress for it to entertain you.

The State AG did not hide his intent of "getting" me during the Ray evidentiary hearing. Once he blurted it out in front of another outside federal court in Memphis. It became apparent that he might do something overt. Jim and I were well aware of surveillance on us. We spotted them, including one or more blacks, which suggests one of the more fantastic truths of the King assassination book, what the black finks did.

To be able to protect myself I needed a local criminal lawyer. I'd met a young one in criminal practise, a younger Jew who had impressed me as also able. He said he would help me if I needed help and he arranged to get the message to the State AG in a storybook way in which his beautiful wife played a role with me as in a movie. This fellow and I became friends. He then had as a client the central character in these current Anderson-Whitten columns. I learned this on describing to him the man I'd seen in that special tank of the Shelby County Jail with Ray, a man whose girth exceeded his height. A totally ruthless Fat Man who was more than the columns say. However, he was a federal informer and he had been put in the same cell with Ray and his brother John. Which may or may not lead to something legal.

I think Les would write a dust-jacket blurb for any of my books. He came to see me when I was hospitalized, to tell me with wet eyes that I'm the last of a disappearing breed and to leave with a means of establishing what had not been established to then, the FBI's back channel for keeping from having records that could be found.

These suggestions of the strange and I think unusual life I've led remind me of one of my most farout sources, then a brilliant woman who at 21 was the most proficient liar I'd ever met. She was a NarcFink and she claimed also be be CIA. Briefly this would be the spoof of the Bond concept, of the 60-year old antiBond who seduces the chick assigned to do him in. I have over 100 hours of her on tape, the most amazing lingo. Nobody could write it as she poured it out. And under some exceptional circumstances. I still hear from her. Most recently after getting out of jail where she had been charged with murder. She said of a cop. I knew her to carry as many as two Deringers at a time when I was with her, plus a long thin knife between her shoulderblades. I'll let details await out talking about these things. This can be a reminder. She came into my life because of the deal Steve Bair did not keep. When Bringuier filed the spurious suit against Dell, having already done it with Saga and me, I agreed to conduct an investigation when Bair originally wanted to seal the book by the suit. Meyer later overruled him. Th e investigation was to be my part of the cost. I made at least three trips to New Orleans on this. She led me to all I needed to accomplish Bair's purposes and to defeat even a serious suit. Bringuier, who you also should remember, then was CIA, from records I now have. She also led me to early indications of the spooks toying with minds, to one I interviewed in an insane assylum, a poet-~~artist~~ artist who was lucid with me except in the part of his earlier life in which I was interested and of which he had absolutely no recollection. This chick knew him and his home but ~~xxxxxxx~~ his mother, who provided me with the best accomodations I ever had in New Orleans, had not seen the girl. I have the wildest tape of themboth together when they met for the first time. Lil transcribed this one, the part that is on tape. I had to hold back until the ~~xxxx~~

professor of literature with whom I had been staying left. I knew he was an informer. One of those to whom he informed was one of my best New Orleans police sources. This girl telling the woman my age how the furniture in her home had been arranged, who some of her tenants had been when they were with federal agencies and where they had gone. Even an FBI agent who became a priest.

Garrison and his chief investigator thought I was crazy to move in with the woman Marge because her son Godfrey had been allowed to escape from an insane asylum to kill Garrison. He was unable to pull it off. He did attack his mother and he was jailed before being sent to where I interviewed him, a maximumsecurity asylum above Baton Rouge. None of this ever made the papers but in advance this check tells me the whole story. Even to the kind of pistol a doctor had given Godfrey. I'm not a gook and I'd never heard of a Walther PPK. Apparently it is the Cadillac of pistols. When I'm interviewing Marge about this I ask her about the pistol and she produces it - a Walther PPK!

How I got the car in which I was then driving ground may also interest you on this. Because I'd befriended a real CIA agent who was in trouble with them. He had been captured at the Bay of Pigs. He,too, went crazy. I spent a long night interviewing him, six hours on tape. I believe the tape was stolen when I loaned it to Garrison. Douglas had been a boyhood friend of Castro and an official of the Castro government before he defected.

These adventures were a joy but I am still sorry about being screwed by Dell and sorry that uptight Bair is unwilling to be realistic because the statute has been tolled and I will be suing when Jim has time. The amount is enough for federal court and I have a Maryland lawyer who will draw the complaint when he has time. He has records that he says do constitute commercial fraud. I appear to have had copies of enough of what disappeared with Nanny Zavener.

Before taking the third walk since I began this let me indicate some if not all of what would have come out in court in questioning Bringuier and others. Remember that Bringuier is the one who fixed the "red" label on Oswald, too. First that he was CIA, then who he knew and perjured himself about,the young man who was with Oswald at Bringuier's place not being all. I have a full confession from that young man on tape, with his lawyer present and his mother. Thissame young women led me to this and more. If she was the most accomplished and imaginative liar I've ever met she mixed solid information in with it. Perhaps the greatest challenge I've had in investigations was determining what she said that was worth following up. This one paid off, as did the Godfrey part, which can make a separate story.Bringuier also perjured himself, significantly, about when he first met Oswald. I have documentary proofs. Again thanks to this girl. Who was also a forger. I got her off once when she was caught in an unnecessary forgery when she was involved in an accident. She was too brazen.

When Helen Meyer vetoed Bair and me she blew a chance to expose the CIA's domestic activities a decade before they began to come out. Not she alone, you may recall. Plus a major chance to blow the official account of the JFK assassination up in court. When I can return to the book Agent Oswald perhaps Bringuier can be enticed into filing another suit. He is crazy enough to do it. I know much more than I've indicated here about his connections.

So much flooded back from the unforgotten detail I believe is rich. It would have to be X-rated in a movie. Largely but far from entirely homosexual. The boy Philip was homosexual, as was hisfriend Raul, who had been used in an effort to blow what I was getting from this girl and giving (in part) to Garrison's chief investigator. First she told me how to know when I was getting through to Raul and could move him over the line. It did. Then a rundown on his, Philip's, parents. I interviewed them both on tape before the father, an electrician, was electrocuted - when he was entirely alone. The confirmed part of the homosexual angles, avoiding their own son. But including a part that led to Clay Shaw's sidekick, Bermudez, and the boys at the school both attended. I have the Jefferson Parish

juvenile reports on when Philip, who hated his father, ran away. They confirm that my girl met him when he returned to the New Orleans area and took him to Bringuier, who arranged for the boy to stay at a flophouse where there was a ganbang on him. Now remember this boy is one of those who prove that Bringuier did perjure himself on one essential part of the Oswald evidence and this was known to federal agents and at least one Commission lawyer whose name this girl had close enough, Liebeler.

Philip was in Vietnam when he father was killed. When the Army returned him he thrice ignored a Garrison subpoena. The girl tells me, I fly to New Orleans and make two deals, one with the Garrison staff, that they'll leave the boy alone if he talks to me and I tell them what I get, and next with his family's lawyer, to assure her that I'm protecting his interest. She arranged for me to interview Philip and his mother at her home one Saturday afternoon. It is all on tape.

This led to a different kind of David Ferrie connection and a new perjury before the Warren Commission by a New Orleans vice squad detective my subsequent investigations establish is the one who recruited Oswald into the Civil Air Patrol when they were high school classmates. Ferrie ran that CAP unit. I have a picture of Oswald in his uniform. Philip was in the same unit.

At the time Philip ran away from home he was about 16 or 17. It was about the time Kennedy was killed. My interview was in 1968. Especially when I lead him to Ferrie and Ferrie's death. Here his story is actually confirmed by his mother. ~~The night Ferrie died~~

~~As I'm writing Philip's confidence his lawyer's mind is blowing.~~

The night Ferrie died, meaning the night of the day his body was discovered, with the complicity of his family, who had been deceived, he is kidnapped by the New Orleans vice squad detective and the juvenile detective of the next or Jefferson Parish, where Philip had lived with his parents until he got out of high school and got himself a job in New Orleans. These two involved the family and get their cooperation by saying they are working for Garrison and their purpose is to avoid publicity and the press. The family was aware of Philip's vulnerabilities and went for it so much they arranged for Philip to be sequestered by an uncle outside of Garrison's jurisdiction. The real reason, of course, was partly this- to isolate the boy from Garrison, then not known to be chasing ghosts. They question him for a solid week, explaining that they are investigating vice and of all vice this girl who is my source as part of a sex-vice ring. They were out to get her, not alone through Raul. Plus Ferrie's private life.

What they were out to get, of course, included what he knew of Ferrie's activities and whether this led to Oswald, which they wanted to hide. I have led it to Oswald and to this detective, whose real name is Frederick. I have the suppressed records that show he knew all of this and more and that he did recruit Oswald. And lied under oath about all to the Commission- again to Liebeler.

Do you remember the Ferrie chapters of Oswald In New Orleans? You won't remember the training camp chapter which Ann, not a sleuth, did not understand and edited almost entirely out. What she removed led to the pre-Watergate activities of Jack Caulfield and Ulasewicz. But because she gutted it she turned the central character, Ricardo Davis, on for me. He called me twice the night he started reading Oswald in New Orleans as he flew from Chicago to Houston. The man who ran the camp this girl told me she had been to and described accurately was run by a CIA-type who had been an informed-provocateur for Caulfield at al in NYC. He blabbed it all to me on tape which includes his directive that I tape it. The girl said she had gone there with these other boys and had seen Oswald there. Perhaps one of her lies but the had the camp down to a T. I have pictures of it taken for me by the sheriff of that Parish.

So they drain the mind of this boy under a pretext and then he is sent to Vietnam and the front lines. Would he have survived without his father's death? Which brought him back.

Years ago I made a list of story ideas. I don't remember where I filed it. I've been rambling in this, often interrupted besides by walking. I'll try to keep my mind on making a new list while I'm walking. Maybe we can get together and spend a day talking. I wish I had an occasion to get to New York but I travel now only when there is a speech to pay for

the costs and leave something to pay the government for xeroxes of the multitudinous records I seekand will give away. When I was there in June I flew up at night from Dallas and took the first shuttle to Washington after the Good Morning America Show. Now that the vacation period is over I'm not uneasy about having to stand on the bus to Washington. The early one has me there at 8:30.

It is peaceful and quiet here except for the phone,which sometimes does not ring for hours. We have a spare room and a sofa that opens into a bed. Some of those who come here prefer either the old-fashioned tourist cabins not far away and very private or the two good modern motels less than 10 minutes away either because they prefer more space than this spare room or to give themselves time to think and make notes in private, what is true of some reporters. Those coming from New York sometimes prefer the Metroliner to Baltimore and a rental car from there, about 1:15 hrs. I prefer the Metroliner club car to the shuttle. Working on it is not uncomfortable.

I mentioned the campaign to get Douglas. This involved Hunt and other Watergate people in an association with Gerald Ford and assistance from a CIA "asset." I'm confident that if I have time to explore this it will lead to more and back to me. It is in the tracing of this part that Tongsun Park showed up in 1973.(There is so much I could do if I had an assistant, preferably a bright one fresh from college and interested in what could be a kind of apprenticeship!)

Did I ever mention a Citizen Kane treatment of H.L. Hunt? I know the prime source, a first-person one.He was Hunt's chief of security. He is a friend of mine.

Years ago I researched a book titled The Informers. One those of the FBI and the harm they did, including the violence. An aspect related is in today's news, Jerry Lefcourt. I gave him information on one that he used in a successful effort to defend some political clients. It came as a result of my turning on a source inside The Minutemen, stormtroopers all of whose secret methods I obtained. In that stuff, which is already in the archive I've established and I can retrieve, is what can lead to a solution of the Greenwich Village explosion of the Wilkerson House, the one that led to Kathy Boudin's disappearance. That explosion was arranged by a Minuteman who was an FBI informant. Jim Lesar, to whom I'd turned over the research for the book, did a smaple chapter on that before he took his District of Columbia bar exam.

Several years ago I collected all that was necessary for a book I called Desire, a pun with meaning. I turned it over to a young black who then got fired by Eastern Airlines when they learned of his association with me. He'd come here for the work, spent a weekend here, phoned to tell me what happened to him, and I've not heard from him since. I know how to duplicate all that work by mail and have the book ready for the writing. It is a dramatic incident, the revolt of the youngsters in the New Orleans black ghetto Desire, the place the streetcar still runs. The cops were out to get some black militants on trumped-up charges. After Jane Fonda, under Mark Lane's expert guidance got a number of them in seriousntrouble through stupidity, 300 black kids put their bodies between the intended victims and the cops armed even with tanks and the cops blinked.

Just before the JFK assessination, when it was clear I had to liquidate the farm because the Secretary of Defense could not control his helicopter pilots (literally) I had a handshake deal with Crown on two books. One I called Everything Happened. It was to be a sortof blend of Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House and The Egg and I, in themmanner of Helen Papishvili, if you recall her delightful stories. This was to be a fictionalised version of non-fiction, what happened when a city man reversed the statistics to become a farmer, cleared his land with his bare hands and became officially the country's best chicken farmer catering to its biggest shots, officiallythe National Barbecue King while he wife was the National Chicken Cooking Champion. The actual incidents are without number. Fan mail from Eisenhower, Dulles using my birds as part of his foreign policy. Then just when we are famous, as we were, the helicopters did ruin us. There are many huncrous actualities but I'd never be able to give this the light touch it needs. Too grim for me. In fighting the cases in court I did establish a basic principle of noise-ecology law.

Time for another walk. Good to hear from you. Best to all and hope we can get together sometime soon. I'll be away the 29th and 30th and have regular lab wok done Thursdays.